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No. 18.



HOLINESS TO THE LORD
THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi-Monthly

Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



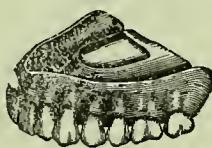
GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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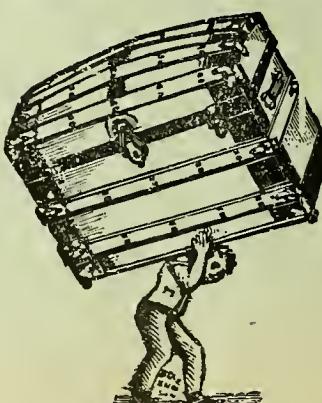
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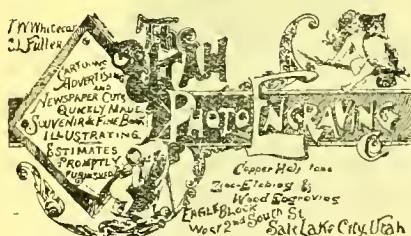
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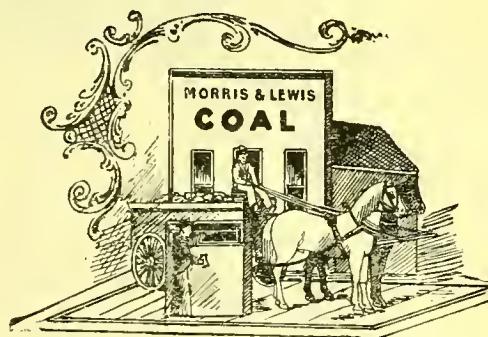
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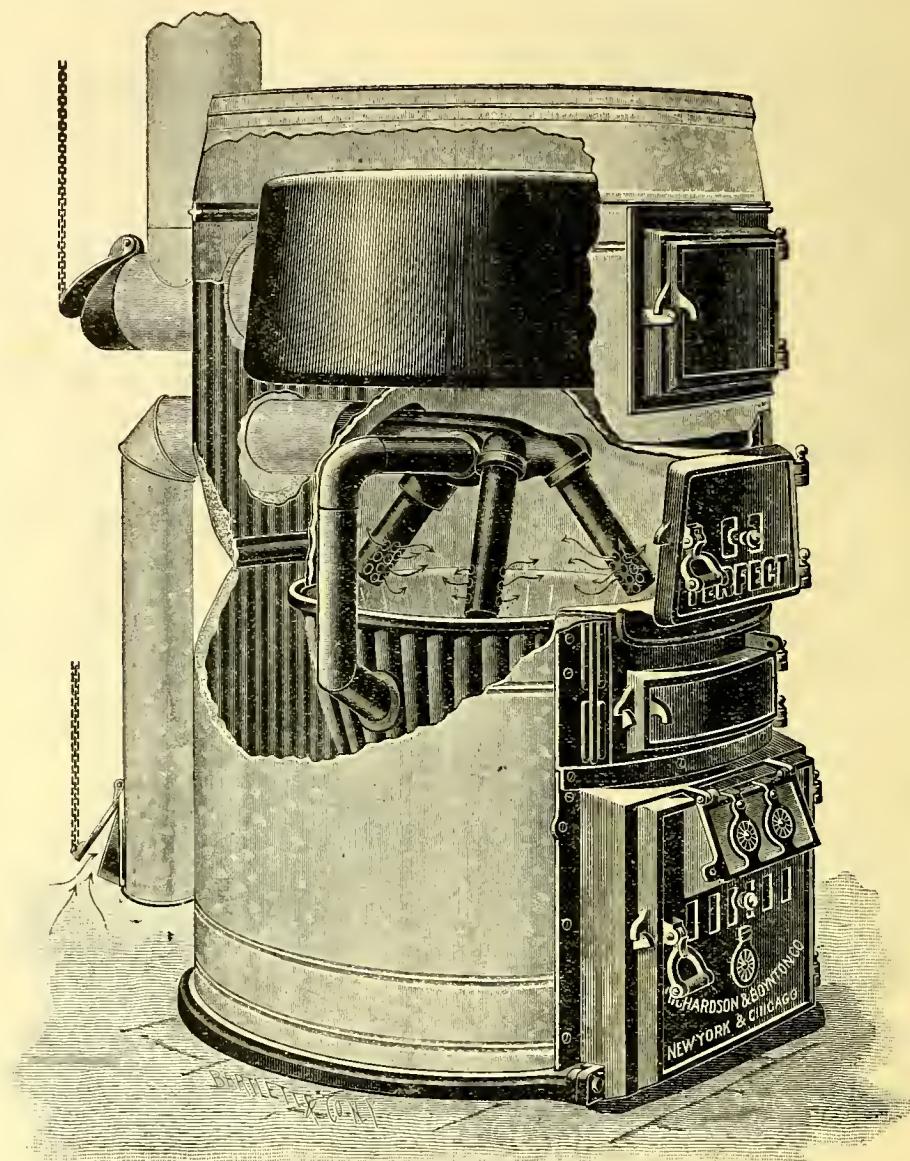
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tain Sage Oil. I would not be without a bottle in my house, for to my mind it is worth its weight in gold.
Yours truly,
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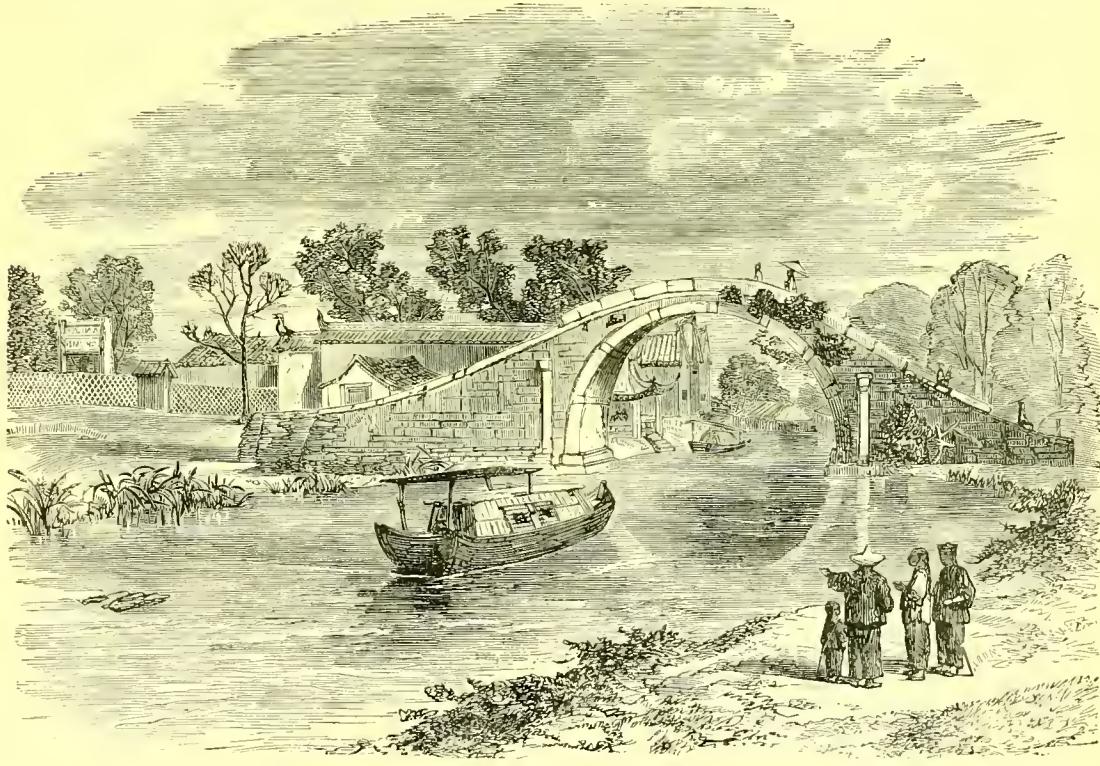
VOL. XXX. SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1895.

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CHINESE MASONRY.

It is very evident from the samples still extant of ancient Chinese masonry that this pagan people, whose knowledge of many useful things antedates

the Greeks and Romans were using columns connected by straight architraves of sufficient massiveness to support the masonry above, the Chinese were building the semi-circle, the trans-



A CHINESE BRIDGE.

European discovery, did not obtain their knowledge of the construction and properties of the arch from so-called civilized peoples. On the other hand proof is not lacking to show that when

verse section of an ellipse and other difficult forms of construction, their arched and vaulted work being turned with the utmost precision.

The accompanying illustration is but

an ordinary sample of their bridge work.

One bridge built across the arm of a lake contains ninety-one arches, in neither of which is there to be seen the least indication of weakness or defective construction, even though the road over the bridge has been in constant use for very many years.

The best example by far of ancient Chinese skill in masonry, however, is to be found in the immense wall which was built more than two thousand years ago by the first universal monarch of China, and intended for protection against the restless tribes of barbarians who were neighbors to these orientals. It is carried over the tops of the highest hills, one of the most elevated of which is 15,000 ft. above the level of the sea; it is built into the deepest valleys, crossing rivers upon arches, and being strengthened about every hundred yards by massive towers or bastions. The base of the wall is of stone laid in cement mortar to a width of twenty-nine feet and of two feet or more in height. This is surmounted by a wall which is twenty feet high, including a five-foot parapet, and is twenty-five feet thick at the base, diminishing to fifteen feet at the platform. The towers are forty feet square at the base, but only thirty feet at the top. The filling of this barrier is earth, while the retaining walls are of brick of a bluish color, which are about fifteen inches long by seven inches wide and four inches thick. The top is terraced by a platform of square brick. The excellence of the material used and the superiority of the workmanship is best proven by the fact that, notwithstanding the centuries during which it has stood, it still remains in a most excellent condition of preservation. Nothing to equal this stupen-

dous piece of work is to be found among civilized peoples.

We may look with reproach upon the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, considering them deluded heathens and ignorant fanatics, yet their habits of industry are to be admired, and in many directions they far excel in skill and ingenuity those who sneer at them.

C.

A TIMELY TRIAL.

"YOU'VE done splendidly, dear. We're proud of you. The commencement exercises were over, and Lillian was at home listening to the fond congratulations of kindred and friends for the brilliant close of her last year at school.

"It's been a strain on you; but all you have to do now is to rest, Lily. Father's got a surprise for you, too, that I guess will help to brace you up."

"A surprise, what is it, mother?" "We're going to have you take that trip to Alaska with the others."

"Mother!" Lillian gave a gasp.

"Yes, dear. You've studied hard and earned it if anyone has. We made up our minds long ago that with all the girls in your class going, we wouldn't have you left out."

"Oh, mother, how lovely! But—but my music?"

"Well, maybe you can take the course in Boston, in the winter, just the same, too. We'll have to work a little harder through the summer to make up the expenses, but we mean to give you the chance."

Lillian's face beamed with joy. Her heart's dearest ambitions to be gratified! Could it possibly be true? All through the year her classmates had been planning the trip through Oregon and up the

Sound for their next summer's vacation, and Lillian had been "almost wild" to go; but there was the dearer dream of having a year's training in Boston for her voice, which shut out every possibility of the other indulgence. And now it was actually to come to her! Not that it was unusual this propitious ministration of fate. There were few things for which she had ever wished that had not been forthcoming; but this had the tinge of absolute unexpectedness, that makes perfect surprise. How the weeks flew in that delightful glow of bustle and preparation. Lillian hardly remembered the dull lassitude of the school days, when her nerves were strained to the anxiety of coming examinations. The trip was a constant theme with the six girls, who, under a charming chaperone, were to make the journey, and the very talk of it made the blood tingle healthfully in their young veins.

"If the thought of it can make such a change in Lily, the trip itself will be the making of her," her parents said, in self-gratulation.

What talks of travel, gossip of clothes, interchange of suggestions, comparing of notes as to outfits, and thousand conjectures of novel sights soon to be theirs! The anticipation was like new wine, and the girls walked through the preceding days in a species of mental intoxication, that exhilarated, not numbed their senses.

A few days more to the time of starting. Time was going slowly now, for everything was ready; and of course nothing could be thought of but that.

Lillian opened a letter which came from Aunt Annette one morning with a surprised sense of guiltiness. A favorite with the sweet-souled being whom she herself so dearly loved, she had prom-

ised to write at once in regard to her fate in the recent school examinations, and in the excitement of the prospective trip she had entirely forgotten the pledge. Alas! it was not the first time that personal pleasure had outweighed the demands of duty.

"Lily is a little careless now, but she will grow out of it," was the excuse made by those who noted her too frequent forgetfulness of the claims of others.

"It isn't Lily who is to blame," the partial Aunt Annette tried to persuade herself. "She has been petted so much that she has come to take it as a matter of course that she should be the chief object of consideration. I am sure we are all apt to take the things that are crowded on us."

But down deep in her heart was a real sorrow and concern at the little blot of selfishness that marred the otherwise spotless and charming disposition of the loved niece—"the worm in the bud" that was spoiling the opening flower of a fine character.

Alone in her room Lillian read through the letter.

"My dearest niece:" it ran, "I have been waiting anxiously for your promised letter, and should have written long ere this to learn the cause of the silence had I not been very busy. What I am busy about is a surprise I have been planning for myself and all of you, and not to make you waste time in what I am sure would be but fruitless guessing, I shall come to the point at once. It is this. Ever since I visited at your home last Christmas, I have been trying to think of some way to plan a rest for your dear mother. She looked so tired and so worn, dear, when I was there, that it made my heart ache thinking of what might happen should some sudden

illness find her thus, with her strength of mind and body sapped by the care and toil that make up her daily life. No one realizes just what she goes through, dear, day by day, in her effort to provide for the comfort and happiness of her loved ones. Her every thought and every act is for the welfare of others; not one effort of her life has any selfish motive or consideration of personal gain or pleasure as its main-spring, and yet she is never idle. Do you realize what that means? She is simply devoting the strength and energy of her life for the comfort and happiness of others, and her only gain is through their good. And your father, how my heart went out to him, with his burden of hard toil and the many mental cares that he is forced to carry, plodding patiently and uncomplainingly in his narrow groove, with so little to encourage and cheer him through the routine in which it is his fate to struggle. No one blessed with bright prospects and ambitions can guess the soul-wearying cares which accompany the task of gaining a livelihood with his narrow possibilities. And yet from year's end to year's end those two patient ones work on at their thankless tasks without a murmur. Think of it, dear, and try to realize just what it means. The thought has made the tears start in my eyes, as I write.

"Be patient a little while, dear; all this is coming to the point of my surprise, though you may not have thought it. Simply put, it is that I have determined that those dear souls shall have a pastime, and a rest from their ceaseless drudgery, and I have written to you to tell you of my plan and enlist your help in its accomplishment.

"There is, as perhaps you may have heard, an excursion starting from here

in a week's time to make the trip through Oregon and Alaska, visiting all the points of interest on the way. Well, I have persuaded my dear husband that it is right for us to take the trip ourselves, inasmuch as it will not only be of benefit to ourselves, but may also be the means of inducing your mother and father to take it also. It is hopeless, we know, to think of their ever staring on their own account, and I am counting upon the influence of our example, together with your own help, to carry the day. What you must do, dear, is to second our persuasion, and make it efficient by assuming the responsibilities of the household while they are away, something, I know, which you will be but too glad to do. Besides this, you must take the money I enclose and see to having your mother's outfit complete and ready by next week, so that they cannot use that excuse as a loop-hole for escape. I would gladly, oh, so gladly, pay the expenses of their trip, but what one has not, one cannot give, and I am forced to be content and glad to put the little grain I have into the scales.

"You must not, however, let them plead money as an excuse out of it. There are the savings in the bank that cannot be put to better use than for their pleasure, for they have earned them by sweat of their brows and strain of their minds and hearts. Don't let them dare to mention saving it, for that means that some one else will spend it. Now, dear Lily, with you to do your part, and I to do mine, I don't see why we should not carry our plan, do you? I have written by this mail to your mother, to introduce the project, and must leave the rest to your *finesse*. Shall not look for a letter from you, as I expect a victory and will hear the good news when

I arrive to pick up the dear ones on my trip.

"Hoping for the best tidings, also concerning yourself, I am, with tenderest love and wishes,

"AUNT ANNETTE."

Can anyone realize what it means to careless natures to be suddenly confronted with an important crisis or responsibility, and feel that the weight of decision is inevitably upon their shoulders? It was Lillian's first actual trial, and inasmuch as the outcome was of such close and intense personal concern, it affected her somewhat as a nightmare. The appeal touched her as might some spiked wand, pricking, but at the same time opening her mental vision to vistas of comprehension that had been by her thoughtlessness hermetically sealed. Instantly her thought measured the truth of the revelation contained in the letter she had read, and acknowledged its verity.

Accepting the gifts and devotion of the two whose efforts and thoughts were a voluntary incense and offering at the shrine of the idolized daughter, she had simply been as blind as they themselves were to any sense of sacrifice implied in it. The forgetfulness on their part, however, was but heroism on hers—now that she sensed it there was but one thing to do, to yield sacrifice for sacrifice and make an effort to return their devotion.

But to think what this meant! Could she indeed make the self-sacrifice which the present moment demanded? To give up the trip now at the last instant, after all the fond anticipations and glad preparations that had been made!

Why her dresses were bought and made, her trunk partially packed, even, and now to give it up and stay at home! Surely it was too much to ask. She

knew that the decision would rest with her alone, for too well she understood those unselfish hearts to doubt for a moment that they would themselves insist upon her going. Whether she herself would be strong enough to make the decision hers was the vital question; and while she was debating it her mother came into the room. She held a letter in her hand and was smiling.

"Has Annette told you the wild plan she's been thinking up, daughter?"

"Yes," said Lillian.

"She's as good as gold, dear soul, and I just can't think enough of her for planning the pleasure for us, but of course it's out of the question."

"Why is it, mother?" asked Lillian, somewhat faintly.

"Why, my dear child, we can't all go. There ain't enough money to take us all on the trip, and if there was we couldn't leave the farm and all go off right now. There's the fruit to put up, and the gardening and marketing. We'd be insane to think of it."

Lillian's spirits began to revive. It really looked, indeed, as if circumstances themselves forced the ultimatum which she longed for, but dreaded to realize.

But she determined at least to argue the matter if only to ease her conscience.

"Father could get Pete Barker to manage the farm, and Hetty Green would help with the preserving. Then I could do the housework myself."

"You mean for you to stay at home and us go? Why, Lily, you're crazy. After all you've thought of the trip, and the preparations, and all! I wouldn't listen to it a minute. You just sit down and write to Annette and tell her just how it is and not to count on our going, for it's out of the question. I'd write

myself, but I've got the red currants to pick over, and I'll let you do the writing instead. Thank her a thousand times for her loving thought, but tell her we'll have to put the trip off till some other time."

Well, it was settled. She had only to write Aunt Annette of her mother's decision and the question was as if it had never arisen.

Was it though? Had she not known beforehand the exact thing that had happened? Had it absolved her, indeed, from responsibility?

Her aunt's letter was still in her hand, and she mechanically read it over.

"She looked so tired and worn." Did she not, indeed? Never before had Lillian noticed those lines about the cheerful, smiling lips and the circles under the dear brown eyes. And she had breathed so hard, too, after her climb up the short flight of stairs, holding her hand against her side in a fashion they all knew, but without a complaint of the pain that had become so usual. "And your dear father, plodding patiently and uncomplainingly." The letter dropped from Lillian's hand. She had to use them both to stem the flood of tears that streamed from her eyes.

Presently she put on her hat and went quietly down stairs. Her mother was in the rear part of the house, and without saying anything Lillian slipped out of doors and went down town. There was a neat checked summer flannel at the Co-op. store, and she bought a dress pattern and took it over to Miss Leeson on the corner.

"I want a traveling dress made for mother," she said to the prim little dressmaker. "Can you finish it by Thursday?"

"I can try. Is she going to Alaska?"
"Yes."

"That will make the trip all the nicer for you, dear, won't it?"

"Yes." Lillian could not discuss the matter; she was too afraid of herself.

"Tell her to come over this afternoon and have it fitted. I've got her measure on my books, so I can go right on with it."

A reticule, traveling-case, handkerchiefs, ulster, half-a-dozen small articles she knew her mother would need, and Lillian, her shopping ended, went home with a strange feeling in her heart.

Her mother was in the kitchen, and she went to her with a resolute tread.

"Mother, Miss Leeson wants you to go over at three o'clock to have your traveling-dress fitted. She says she will have it all ready for you to start to Alaska on Thursday."

"Child alive!"

"Your black Henrietta cloth dress will need some big sleeves put in, to make it stylish, but I knew you would rather do that yourself than have it hired."

"Lily!"

"I called in and spoke to Hetty just now, and she's coming to help me with the currants, so all you have to do now, till Thursday, is to get ready for the trip."

"Lily, I believe you're out of your mind."

"No, I'm not, mother." Lillian went over and put her arms around the bent form. "I've just made up my mind it's time you had something to show for in your life besides drudgery, that's all. I've been blind, mother. I've been letting you and father work and give me all the pleasure that you ought to have had, but I'm going to try and make amends for my selfishness now, and

I don't want you to be cruel enough to deny me the chance."

"My darling child, how you exaggerate. We've only done what every mother and father are glad to do."

"I know that, mother. But it doesn't excuse me or any other child for our thoughtless selfishness. It's time some of us tried to turn the tables."

"But, Lily, you see it's impossible for us to go."

"Not another word, mother. I've written to Aunt Annette that you and father will be ready to join her when she reaches here Thursday. Pete Barker will take care of the gardening, and I'm going to manage the rest. Now don't say another word. Where's father?"

Josephine Spencer.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

HISTORY OF ALMANACS.

THE history of written almanacs dates back to the second century of the Christian era. The Alexandrian Greeks in the time of Ptolemy, A. D. 100-160, used almanacs. Prior to the written almanacs of the Greeks there were calendars of primitive almanacs. The Roman fasti sacri were similar to modern almanacs. Knowledge of the calendar was at first confined to the priests, whom the people had to consult not only about the dates of festivals, but also concerning the proper time for instituting various legal proceedings.

About 300 B. C. one Cenius Flavius, the secretary of Appius Claudis, learned the secret either by the stealthy use of the documents in his master's possession, or, according to Pliny, by repeatedly consulting the authorities and by collating the information he obtained.

It was really publishing an almanac when, as Livy relates, he exhibited the fasti on white tablets round the forum. From this time tablets containing the calendar, the festivals, astronomical pheomena and sometimes historical notices seem to have been common. Research has brought to light numerous calendars cut on stone. One was found at Pompeii cut upon a square block of marble, upon each side of which three months were registered in perpendicular columns, each headed by the proper sign of the zodiac.

Whether the word "almanac" be from al and manah, to count, or al and men, months, is not agreed; some authorities give it a Teutonic etymology, from the words al and mono, the moon. Each of these conjectures is plausible. Tables representing almanacs were used by the Arabs at an early date, mainly as astronomical guides, and it is highly probable that both the thing and the name originated with them.

PHYSICAL defects are much oftener the result of physical sins than we are apt to suppose. It is true that some of these sins are directly traceable to our ancestors, and others to our ignorance, yet a sufficient number remain which are due to our own self-indulgence or self-will, pursuing its desires in defiance of the well-known laws of health.

TIME, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose sole employment is to watch its flight.

WELL-ARRANGED time is the surest mark of a well-arranged mind.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

TRUTH can wait, but a lie is always in a great hurry.

THE
Juvenile Instructor
 GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 15, 1895.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A VICTORY OF PEACE.

 ONE of the most notable and pleasant of recent events was this year's annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in the chief city of the formerly rebel state of Kentucky. The Grand Army of the Republic is, as its name implies, an organization whose membership consists of old soldiers who fought for the Union in the great Civil War. Year by year the number of these veterans grows less, and in the very nature of things the last survivor will soon have passed to the other side, it being now thirty years since the war ended. But as the names on the mighty muster roll grow less, there is no abatement in the interest attending the annual re-unions. These are seasons of great rejoicing, of outbursts of patriotic eloquence, of many affecting incidents; and they are always marked by a univeral desire on everybody's part to contribute to the pleasure and comfort of the old heroes.

For the first time in the history of the organization, its encampment this year has been held on the south side of the line dividing the Union North from the Confederate South. The victors in the tremendous struggle were invited by those whom they vanquished to come again on a visit—not this time with armed ranks and all the panoply of war, but as brethren and friends. The olive branch which was held out by one of the most eloquent of the Southerners,

who also was one of the bitterest fighters in their lost cause, was gracefully and warmly accepted. The city of Louisville threw open its gates, decked itself in patriotic colors, made the invitation generous and general enough to include all who wanted to come, and by the heartiness of its welcome completely won the laurel wreath for hospitality.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war," the poet tells us; and surely the Louisville encampment is evidence of it. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there has been unmixed pleasure at this fresh proof that the war is over, its bitterness being forgotten, the old wounds healing, and the reuniting of the republic being accomplished in deed as well as in word. The two great sections of the country are diversified in many of their tastes and industries, as they are in their climate and products; but they should be and are identical in patriotism and in love for the flag and the institutions it typifies. When a monument to Confederate dead can be dedicated in a Northern city as was the case in Chicago a few weeks ago, and when G. A. R. veterans can mingle in friendship with their late foes in the homes of the latter and on battle-fields moistened with their brothers' blood, the reconciliation is complete and the day of civil strife, as well as even the recollection of it, is past.

Too many people imagine they have done their duty by their friends in trouble by promising to help them when they get rich.

WISDOM says: "Honesty is the best policy." Virtue says: "I do not care whether it is the best policy or not; it is right, therefore I will be honest.

THE BURNED WILL.

ROGER AERTHERTON's half term at the Brambleton Academy had served to whet his desire for an education, and one Saturday he started out courageously to go from house to house in the village to find employment that would enable him to remain in the academy. But the village people either did their own chores or had already employed academy boys. There was only one of the more pretentious houses to which he had not been. He thought to himself bitterly that it was the fault of the occupant of this house that he was compelled to give up his education; the facts that the person in question was his cousin and the richest man in the county did not lessen the bitterness.

Roger Atherton's grandfather had fallen into a financial difficulty, and had given a mortgage on his farm to a brother. He died leaving the farm to his only son, the mortgage undiminished. The holder of the mortgage, a childless man and well-to-do, had adopted the son of another brother as his heir. He early made a will leaving all his property to this boy, but after the death of Roger's grandfather it was said that he had made a new will, giving the mortgaged farm—which he had completely in his possession—to William Atherton, Roger's father. Be that as it may, the will could not be found after the old man's death. The men who were said to have witnessed it were dead. No one could say that such a will had ever existed.

But as the dead man had never asked Roger's father any rent for the use of the farm, it was reasonable to suppose he had intended to give it to him.

However, Barney Atherton, the heir, did not take this view of the case. Although an honest man, he was

miserly, and he at once exacted from his cousin a rent every bit as large as the farm could pay. And as the farm gradually improved under the intelligent labor bestowed on it and became more productive, the rent was raised—raised, too, in a degree more than corresponding to the increased productiveness.

Roger at last turned down the street toward his cousin's house, determined to go to him and demand a job, and tell him that he owed some small reparation for charging so exorbitant a rent that none of William Atherton's children were able to get an education. He rapped at the door of the little office building standing apart from the house, close to the roadside; but though he could see through the window that a fire was blazing in the little box stove, the room was empty, and at the house he learned that Barney had gone over the mountains to see about some business in Joppa Valley.

As Roger walked out of the yard he noticed that the office chimney seemed to be giving forth a greater volume of smoke than the little box stove could make, and looking more closely he saw small tongues of flame issuing through the roof at the chimney's base. He burst open the door. The fire was over the ceiling in the little, low attic. It could be entered only by the trap door over his head—there was no way of reaching the fire without a ladder. He rushed out, raising the alarm. A crowd speedily collected. Men chopped holes in the office roof, while others stationed on a ladder passed pails of water from hand to hand, pouring them on the blaze. The flames cracked fiercely in the wind, but gradually succumbed to the water.

The attic had evidently been a sort of store-room, and as holes were cut in

the roof the impromptu firemen threw out the trumpery that had been accumulating there for fifty years.

A little black chest broke open as it crashed to the ground, and the wind twirled a whole cloud of musty old documents over the withered lawn. One fell fluttering at Roger's feet. He picked it up and was about to return it to the little chest, when his eye was caught by the words, "Last will and testament of James Atherton."

With his heart thumping he hastily glanced through it. Putting it in his pocket he started homeward over Pennington Mountain on a run. What happiness he was carrying! For he bore in his pocket the missing will of James Atherton, a will dated ten years later than the one giving Barney everything, and giving William Atherton complete possession of the farm he occupied.

It was a bitter cold day. Although Thanksgiving had passed, no snow had fallen, and the frozen ground shivered for its white winter blanket. The way over Pennington Mountain was a long one, and the sun was low before Roger had accomplished half the steep ascent. As he climbed higher and took the full force of the keen north wind from which he had been sheltered in the valley, more than once he wished he had stayed at Brambleton over night.

But Roger was young and vigorous and as the cold increased he walked the faster, pressing toward the shelter of the forest that clothed the top and western side of the mountain. The last rays of the sun were shining through the leafless trees with a coppery glare just as he reached the summit. Black against the disk of the sinking orb he saw the figure of a man, in the path some distance ahead of him, sway, stagger,

and fall to the ground. He rushed on to reach him, and when he went over he saw it was his old cousin, Barney.

"I'm overcome with cold," Barney managed to say. "If you can't get me to some place where I can manage to get warm, I'll freeze to death. Help me if you can; remember we are cousins."

"There isn't a house within three miles," said Roger, "but the old panther's den isn't far off, and if you can get there, and have any matches about you, I'll build a fire and have it warm in no time at all. Lean on me and we'll make it."

Half dragging him, Roger got him to the little cave which had been the home of the last panther in Vermont. The old man handed Roger all his stock of matches, anxiously watching the preparations for a fire and striving to fight back the drowsiness overcoming him. Roger swiftly gathered a pile of leaves and dead branches, but the leaves were moist with frost, and the branches hard and round, and there was no knife with which to whittle shavings, and match after match spattered against the incombustible fuel.

"You ought to have some paper," said Barney. "I wish I had some; that would set the fire going."

Roger held the last match in his hand. There was a piece of paper in his possession—just one, and that was the will of James Atherton. He drew it forth and handed it to Barney.

The afterglow of sunset shone faintly into the mouth of the cave and the old man held the paper toward the light, but it slipped from his nerveless fingers and he fell back in a stupor.

Roger wrung his hands. Should he destroy the will to save the life of a man who had oppressed his father for

so many years and then have that man deny that the will had existed? If Barney had only read the will and promised to regard its provisions, Roger would not have feared to kindle the fire with it, for Barney was a man of his word. But now, if he would burn the will, what proof could he give that it had existed?

Roger stooped down to try the last match against the soggy leaves—perhaps they would burn. The match blazed, and some leaves dryer than the others flared up for a moment, but then began to die down slowly. Roger seized the will, held it toward the flames—then hesitated. The lonely scream of an owl sounded far off on the mountain, and from the recesses of a cave a flurry of bats flapped past his head, and he drew back alarmed and his hand touched Barney's face, icy cold.

Into the one little flame still flickering went the will. A great blaze darted up, licked the dead branches in the pile of fuel and roared through the whole mass. A general warmth diffused itself through the little rocky chamber. Roger chafed the unconscious man, and as the temperature of the cave began to grow higher he began to revive. At length he sat up, staring drowsily at the fire.

"Did you start the fire with the will?" asked he at length.

"What!" exclaimed Roger in amazement.

"Oh, I read the title and date of the will," growled the man, "before I became unconscious; I can guess well enough at its contents. Did you start the fire with it, I say?"

"Yes," replied Roger.

"How dared you do that? Don't you know that you have now no proof of its contents and can claim nothing under it?"

I am secure against your claims," said Barney.

"How did I dare to burn the will? To save your life, I suppose, in order that you might taunt me with having lost my father's property by doing so," said Roger, bitterly, rising. "Now there is plenty of fuel here to keep the fire going for two hours more. If you don't feel able to get home alone I will send somebody to you from the nearest farm house."

"Tut, tut, boy. Sit down and tell me where you found the will and just what was in it."

Reluctantly Roger complied.

"Well, I am a hard man," said Barney, when he had heard all Roger had to say, "but I ain't so hard as I might be. That was a rousing fire you built when you burned up all your hopes to kindle it, and the warmth of that fire and that good deed drove more than one kind of cold out of me. If that will gave the farm to your father, he can keep it for all of me. He can have back all his rent money. And as for you, Roger, if you want to go to school to the academy—I've heard you did—you can come and stay at my house and go, and you needn't do chores for your board either, but just lam it into your studies all the time. There, that's the best speech I have ever made. The moon is coming up and I think we can start. I guess I'll need your help down, and tomorrow I'll take you over to the farm, and then I'll fix the will business with your father all right."

And though the will was in ashes Barney did it.

C. M. S.

PEOPLE seldom improve when they have no other model than themselves to copy after.

SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES.

(By students of the Rhetoric Class, B. Y. Academy.

The Hypocrite.

THERE is no cowardice in the world greater than hypocrisy. How many men pretend to serve God with their mouths, while their hearts have never beat once with that feeling of reverence and veneration which they owe to Him! How many men, if their inner lives could be seen, would cause the very dogs that feed at their door to shrink from them!

The hypocrite is hated of the world for seeming to be a Christian, and hated by God for not being one. When he stops to reflect and think, "What am I," he hates himself.

He is even despised by Satan for serving him and not acknowledging it. Hypocrites are really the best followers that Satan has. They serve him and receive no wages; and what is most wonderful of all, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell than does the hermit to go to heaven.

A scorpion thinks when its head is under a leaf it cannot be seen. So with the hypocrite.

Let us ask ourselves the questions, "What am I? What would I appear like if people could see my heart and read my secret thoughts?" We shall next be led to ask, "What am I in the sight of God, who sees every man as he is?" For remember the soul may deceive men, and may even itself; but it cannot deceive Him who reads every man's thoughts.

How many men, if all their day's thoughts were suddenly developed into acts, would run from themselves!

Every man that professes to be a Latter-day Saint should have the substance in his own heart equal to the

show, the root deep as the tree is high. In the world we might expect to see hypocrisy. But true religion is above the world. The Lord said, "My kingdom is not of this world." If there is any hypocrisy in a man's pretensions it will pass poorly at the bar of God. No coin but the true one passes there. All is seen there. The seemingly good gentleman of this world may be lowered in the bucket of sorrow down into the bottomless pit of hell. Who can expect but that such vile pretensions will be cut off, and the soul of the hypocrite be filled with everlasting want!

W. H. Boyle.

She Repented.

WILLIE and his companions were bubbling over with glee. They had just launched their new boat on the mill pond. Their hats were thrown into the air, and they danced for joy to see the white-winged little craft glide so beautifully over the tiny ripples. They were as happy as angels.

"Willie, you little wretch, come here," said an angry voice.

The boys looked to see from where the sound came. An enraged mother was coming toward them with a large stick in her hand. The boys, like most other boys, knew what that circumstance meant.

"You told me you would not leave the yard today. You are a little storyteller. I will make you answer for it. Take that, and that, and that. You see that you never tell me another lie, son."

"Please, mamma," whimpered Willie, "don't whip me any more. Please don't whip me. I forgot when I saw Archie and Ray go by with the new boat."

"You will not forget again, naughty boy."

The blows fell like hail upon the back of the pleading little fellow.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!"

A feeling of gloom settled upon the little company. The mirth was stopped. All were sorry for poor Will, their fun-maker. He was half-dragged half carried home.

The mother was usually very kind and loving to her family, but at times she could not control her temper. Spring days of gladness came and went. The shadow of darkness and sorrow obscured the happiness of Willie's companions.

The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed. The child lay, pale and worn, upon the bed, with anxious faces around him. His mother—how greatly changed she was—knelt and pleaded with God to spare her child. What promises, what prayers for forgiveness!

Sometimes the blue eyes would open and gaze around; then hope came into the hearts of those near, and tears of thankfulness filled their eyes. On one occasion he feebly said, "Oh, mamma, I forgot. I will not go again!"

How sadly those words fell upon the mother's ear, and what bitter memories they awakened.

* * * * *

'Tis autumn. A mother sits by a little mound in the churchyard. A cypress vine spreads its leafy branches over a tiny grave, and flowers lend their sunny smiles to brighten the sad thoughts that are wont to hover about it.

Willie's mother holds a photograph, and gazes long and thoughtfully at it, and then casts her eyes upon the little heap of earth.

"Oh, thoughtless moments!" Thoughts seem to haunt her.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, I forgot."

E. D. Whiting.

Lee's Revenge.

"COME on, Jack, let's go and fly my new kite! Uncle Will helped me make it last week, and we haven't had a right good wind yet to see how high up it will go. This breeze is just fine and would take the old fellow almost out of sight if we had a long enough string."

"All right, Lee. Mother said I could play when I finished raking up these chips, and I'll be done in about ten minutes. I think there's a ball of twine in the granary, and if I can find that we'll tie it to your string and then watch the old kite chase around among the clouds."

Lee climbed over the fence to help his friend finish up the work, that they might the sooner be ready for the sport. In their eagerness and hurry neither noticed Harry Payne who, happening along just then, stopped behind the currant bushes and listened to their plans.

There had been a spelling contest at school about a week before, in which Lee had won the laurels, and with them received the decided enmity of his former friend, Harry.

"Yes, I'll show them," muttered Harry to himself as he slunk back from his hiding-place and hurried off. "I think I know where you keep that beauty, Mister Lee, and it strikes me that it won't go up among the clouds today."

The envy which had been awakened in Harry's mind only a few days before had been fed and fostered until it either crushed or crowded out all the kindness from his once generous soul. He hated Lee without being able to tell why. He hated Jack because Jack was a friend to Lee. In fact he hated everyone, for no other reason than that his heart had grown selfish and hateful.

Hurrying onward he reached Lee's home ahead of the other two boys, and at once took a careful survey of the premises to make sure that he was not seen. All the doors were shut, and he felt satisfied that neither Mrs. Ross nor little Sadie were at home. Cautiously he opened the woodshed door. He had played there so often that there was nothing unusual in his doing so, and yet, as he walked in alone, the very stillness seemed to frighten him; the sound of his own step made him start; and when a little mouse ran from behind a pole his heart gave such a leap that he thought it came right up into his throat.

To go up the ladder and bring the kite from the loft was but the work of a moment, especially since it made no difference to him how much the long tail became torn or tangled. Down it came, so large, light, and beautifully proportioned that the slight breeze coming in at the open door was almost sufficient to hold it in air. On its face were painted the broad grinning features of a huge man; on its back, in big red letters, its name, "Bender."

"Isn't it a dandy," said Harry, under his breath. "How I should like to see it fly! But that would please Lee Ross and Jack Willis too well, so here goes."

Placing the light frame across his knee he snapped it in two, then broke each piece again, gathered the whole into a bundle, wound the tail around it, threw it into a corner and hastened away.

Lee and Jack, almost breathless with excitement, rushed into the shed a moment later, and Lee climbed the ladder as hurriedly as the malicious Harry had done a short time before.

"Why, Jack, my kite is gone!" he called out in astonishment. "Some one has stolen it."

"Nonsense!" said his friend. "Who would steal a kite? Are you sure you put it there?"

"Of course I'm sure. And I'm sure it's gone too. But maybe Sadie has hid it for a joke. At any rate we won't give it up until we've searched the place from end to end."

The search was not a long one, but in what bitter disappointment did it end! When Lee suddenly came upon the bundle of sticks, cloth, paper and string, and recognized it as the remains of his treasure, he burst into tears.

"Oh, who could be so cowardly mean?" he cried as he held the wreck up to the gaze of his friend. "I know who it is, and I'll make him smart for it, too, or I don't know myself! The dirty sneak! You'll pay for this, Harry Payne, if it takes me ten years to get even with you!"

"Well, that is the meanest trick I ever saw," said Jack, and if you want any help to pay the rascal back, I'm in it. You only need to let me know."

Lee's mother, passing the door at that moment, heard the excited tones of the boys and stopped to ascertain the cause of their anger.

Showing her the mischief which had been wrought, Lee explained: "I'll tell you what I mean to do, mother, I mean to kill every rabbit and pigeon Harry has about the place. I won't—"

"Hush, my boy. Let me tell you what the Lord says for you to do," said Mrs. Ross.

"Well, I don't care, mother. He has served me a downright mean trick, and he ought to be punished for it."

"Most certainly he ought, and that is why I want to tell you what to do. Don't you think it would be a good plan to heap some coals of fire on his head?"

"Coals of fire, mother! What do you mean? How can we do it?"

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," quoted Mrs. Ross, while Lee hung his head in disappointment. His mother continued, "Now, Lee, try the Lord's way first, and if that doesn't work we will try something else. I'll tell you what to do. You may go and hitch old Nell to the buggy and with your friend Jack go and ask Harry to take a ride. You may tell him that some one has destroyed your kite and that you are very sorry, but do not let him know that you think he did it. Go now and manage the rest yourselves. I think you will find that by your kindness coals of fire will be heaped upon his head, according to our Father's word."

The boys could hardly accede to the plan at first, but when they had talked it over each agreed that if he were in Harry's place it would, indeed, be punishment enough for him.

Old Nell was accordingly hitched up, and soon called to a halt in front of the Payne residence. Harry made all kinds of excuses when asked to take a ride with them, but was at last persuaded to go.

As they drove through green fields, along the banks of a babbling brook, Lee and Jack chatted merrily in full enjoyment of the beautiful scene, the fragrant air, and the rippling music, but Harry was quiet and pensive, and the two boys knew that the coals were burning deep down in his heart. How they pitied him! Lee had decided that he would never mention the kite, when, his eyes meeting Harry's, he saw that the boy was crying.

"What ails you, Harry? Are you sick?" he asked. "You are pale and trembling."

"No, I am not sick," answered Harry, "but oh, so sorry! Boys, you don't know how wicked I have been. Lee, you don't know that your lovely kite is broken. What can I ever do to repay you? Forgive me, oh, forgive me!"

His tears and pleading showed the anguish of his heart, and roused the other boys to such keen compassion that they mingled their tears with his.

For a few moments they wept in silence. Then Lee said: "Boys let's forget this matter, kite and all, and from this time be better friends than we have ever been before."

And so it was agreed.

"Well, how did the coals of fire burn?" asked Mrs. Ross, when she was alone with Lee that evening.

"Oh, mother, you can't imagine how they burnt! But we are all good friends now, and if I had fifty kites, there would never be another torn by Harry Payne."

Annie D. Stevens.

THE FATHER'S LESSON.

"ROGER's the pet, anyway. I always knew he was. He can do just what he likes, and never gets scolded, and you always make me—"

"My daughter, hush," said the father in a stern tone. "Now, when you can act like a lady, come and tell me all about it."

Florence dried her eyes and proceeded:

Well, you know, papa, I have never been late for school once this term, and I was just starting out when Roger had my hat, and—"

"I was just going to give it to her when she hit me, and then I wouldn't."

"Just see where she scratched my

face, papa," said Roger, who looked as though he had had the worst of it.

Both children were anxious to gain their father's attention, and both were sobbing so violently as they explained that Mr. Brook could not understand them at all.

"Florence," he said, "as you are older, suppose you tell me all about it. The truth now, remember."

"I don't want to tell you. You won't believe me, no matter what I say," said the little girl, whose repeated untruths had caused her kind parent to doubt her word.

Her father silenced her by a look, and turning to Roger told him to tell it, and that Florence must not interrupt him.

"Well, papa," said Roger, "mamma asked me to get her a bucket of water from the spring, and just for fun I took sister's hat and threw it up a tree, and told her she was a kitten and to crawl up after it. That made her mad and she flew at me and scratched my face, and then when she came at me again I held up the bucket and she pounded that till her hands bled. Then I called her scratch cat, and she cried and wouldn't go to school, though mamma told her to. I got her hat down for her, and I'm sorry if I was naughty, but I don't like to be scratched," and the poor boy commenced to weep again.

"Mamma said he was a good boy and I was naughty, and I know she don't love me, nobody loves me, and I wish I were dead."

Mr. Brook was used to these little outbursts, but they wounded him deeply, nevertheless. He understood his children's dispositions, and though sometimes stern, he was a very kind and indulgent father.

With Roger he had very little trouble, as the boy had a beautiful disposition,

and though two years younger he was very much easier to manage.

Florence, though an affectionate child, was self-willed and rebellious, and allowed her evil temper to take complete possession of her when she was angry.

Her father and mother tried, as all parents do, to make her see her faults and to correct them. But though she promised each time to do better, and really meant to try, she would soon forget again, and break her promise. This time her father decided it was high time to not only exact the usual promise from the child he so dearly loved, but to punish her in such a way that she would remember.

So drawing both the children to him, as you see in the illustration, he talked to them gently and kindly, until good feeling was again established between them. Then sending Roger from the room, he took Florence on his knee, and brushing her hair from her face he looked into her eyes and said:

"Florence, you told another untruth just now; do you know what it is? Well, I believe you would know if you thought for a moment, but I will tell you. You told me, as you have done many times before, that Roger was my pet and that I wouldn't believe you even if you did tell the truth. Now, my dear little girl, you know this is false, do you not?"

"Yes, sir," replied the child, repentantly.

"Then why did you say it? Why did you do something which you know to be so wrong? In the first place, my dear children have no right to question a father's actions in regard to his treatment of them, for they should know that he would do nothing which would not be for their welfare. My precious little



THE RECONCILIATION.

girl, you think I am stern and severe. You do not understand my motives. When you have children of your own you will be placed in a similar position. Then you will understand. Three times at least today you have accused

me of partiality; you must not do so. If you do not know that I would do nothing to wound your feelings, which are as dear to me as my own, trust me, believing that whatever I may do I do for your best good. And another habit

which you must break yourself of, is your falsifying. You are getting so into the habit of telling untruths that you do it almost unconsciously, I believe. Every word you utter, every idea you allow to dwell in your mind is recorded in heaven, and some day must be answered for. Remember this my child and pray earnestly for strength to overcome your three great faults, deceit, ill-temper, and jealousy. I am sorry to have to do it, dear, but I am accountable to God for your precious soul, and I must teach you a lesson which you will remember.

"I have just received a letter from Aunt Mary inviting you and Roger to visit her in California during the holidays, and I had decided to let you go; but owing to your sinful actions today I find I must punish you by denying you this great pleasure. Roger must not be deprived of it, for he is a good, honest lad. Now dry your tears, dear, and tell me if you think I am doing right."

"Yes, papa, I know you are," sobbed the poor, disappointed child. "I will try to be good, and stay with you."

Then do not cry any more, sweet, but go to your room and pray until your grief is past, and remember that a parent's greatest hope and desire in life is for the salvation of his children.

R. A. C.

SELF-INTEREST, followed exclusively, is usually degraded into selfishness, but when it is enlightened, educated, and restrained within proper limits, it is a necessary and rightful motive.

SOME would be thought to do great things who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ when he only blew the bellows.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD WAS THERE.

ONE day in the beginning of March, 1880, while visiting the Saints of West Sjælland, in the Copenhagen Conference, in their meetings and in their homes, I went to a small village, Salttofte by name. Here I had the great joy of baptizing one family into the Church of Christ.

The next day I visited a Sister Madsen and her daughter. Mr. Madsen was not a member of our Church, but very bitter, and his wife and daughter were many times ill-treated by him, insomuch that their lives were in constant danger. Sister Madsen was very sick and she dared not call upon any of the brethren to administer the ordinances of the Gospel for fear her husband would not permit them to enter the house, or do some other harm to them.

I went to see the Saints to comfort and cheer them in the things of God, so that a better spirit might prevail in their hearts.

Mr. Madsen was absent at the time but was expected home every minute. Our sister and her daughter were trembling with fear that he might come while I was at the house. But I felt that there was no power that could harm us, so I told the sisters to be of good cheer.

After some conversation with the folks, Sister Madsen asked me if I would administer unto her, as she was very sick.

I told her I would. I then took the consecrated oil and anointed her, then I laid my hands upon her head to seal the anointing, when I found that some unseen power had closed my mouth. After a few minutes had passed a dark shadow was seen passing the window. As soon as that had left, my mouth was opened and I sealed the blessing of

health, and commanded the evil ones to depart and not to molest this our sick sister. After a short stay I left them, asking God to be with them.

The next day while traveling to another part of the country I met Mr. Madsen on the road. He seemed to be very friendly to me, and he began to tell me what had taken place at his home while I was there. When he came home he had learned that I was in the house, and he swore with a big oath that I should be put out of the house. So he went into a small shanty, where he hid himself, but he could not remain there very long, so he went to the door of the shanty. He heard my voice, and knew that I was about to administer to his sick wife. Then the evil one took possession of him, and he ran up to the house to put me out. But when he got to the door of the room where we were he was stopped by an unseen power, and he heard a voice say, "Do not harm the man who is in thy house, nor thy family."

He was at this time made powerless, hence he glided down by the window, and it was his shadow that I saw passing by when my mouth was closed. He again hid himself in the shanty, and did not come out until I had left the place.

He stated that there was with him a feeling of satisfaction that he had left me alone.

Here I learned by this man's testimony the reason why my mouth was closed, and when it again was opened in order that I might perform my duty towards our sick sister. The angel of God was there to protect us, hence I felt safe to say to the folks that no power should molest us while I was at their house. It was another testimony to me that this is God's work, and that He again

has restored His Priesthood to the earth.

To every reader I will say, live so that you can have power with God your Eternal Father, that in all your doings in life God may sustain you.

H. F. F. Thorup.

OUR GROCER'S STORY.

THIS story was told by a grocer thirty years ago. It is perfectly true, as I believe, and I give it as nearly in his words as I can remember them.

It was told when half the inhabitants of our quiet suburban street were out on their doorsteps, watching a policeman chase a thief—a miserable, ragged young fellow—who turned and dodged and doubled with such an expression of despair on his face that, though he had picked a pocket, no emotional young person present could help feeling sorry for him. However, it was, I confess, a little surprise to hear the words, "Well, I suppose it is wrong; but somehow I sort of wish he would get away this time," proceed from the lips of our grocer, who had followed the crowd from his corner to the spot before the house.

The grocer proceeded: "He looked at me as he passed me, and I saw hunger in his eyes. Maybe they drove him to it. But I don't think he is a professional thief; and, somehow, if I could, I would not have him hunted down tonight. I wish he might get off and find some one charitable to him, and go to honest work tomorrow. Prisons don't make desperate men better, though they are needful for criminals, of course. You see, I had a curious experience of my own, once upon a time, and I never have forgotten it and never can.

"It was when I first began business

with very little capital, in a poor quarter of the town, with poor folk for customers—people that never bought delicacies, mind you. Bread, poor butter, sugar, tea and coffee, cheese, dried fruit, herrings—that sort of thing you know. When they were cheap I'd have a few oranges. Now and then some cheap, showy apples, and I usually had a ham or two to sell in slices. They didn't go off very fast; but I kept a couple of them in their yellow cloths always hanging at the door.

"I remember I was standing at the door towards evening when I first noticed a new policeman on our beat. He was a large man, naturally; but so hollow-cheeked, and with such sunken eyes, that I thought to myself: 'That man must have been ill lately.'

"He was staring at the hams with those eyes of his, and I said to my wife when she called me in to tea:

"I shouldn't wonder if he meant to buy a whole one. He seemed to be sizing them up."

"I don't know why I had it fixed on my mind that he would send for me; but all that evening whenever a comfortable-looking young woman came into the store, I thought it was the policeman's wife come for a ham; and it is a fact that when I went out to take them down before shutting up for the night—there was no early closing then—I saw the policeman standing in the shadow, staring at the hams.

"He kept it up for three days; on the night of the fourth a storm burst over us. I think I never saw it pour so; and it was icy cold, and dark as pitch outside. The hams hung under shelter, and I did not try to take them in. I thought no customers would come in that rain, and I sat down near the fire to read my newspaper and eat my meal

in comfort, and somehow I got interested in some political speeches, and before I knew it my wife was calling to me that it was eleven o'clock, and I'd better take in and shut up. Then I looked up.

"'Well, Polly,' says I, 'I shall be a literary party, neglecting my business for my mind one of these days, if I go on like this;' and I put the paper on top of the cheese box, and went outside to put up the shutters.

"The rain had stopped. It was clear and cold, and the stars were shining in the pools of water you'll always see after rain in a badly paved street. Everybody seemed to be in bed; it was as still as death; and, I tell you, I jumped when a cold hand came out and touched mine.

"'Ho,' says I. 'Hey, what's that?'

"'It's only me, Mr. Spicer,' says a hoarse woman's voice—'me—old Sally. Gimme a shilling and I'll tell you the news.'

"'Oh, go away, Sally,' says I. 'You'd only drink it. As for news you can't tell me anything.'

"'I can,' says she. 'Oh, I'll tell you—a decent man like you won't begrudge a shilling for the like of my news. I'll trust you. Your policeman, the new one, the thin man, is a thief.'

"'Hey!' says I.

"'Yes,' says she, 'he's got one of your hams—that's my news. Isn't it worth something?'

I looked up. Only one ham hung overhead.

"'Maybe you took it yourself, Sally,' said I.

"'I couldn't reach it,' she said. 'No, I saw him. There. Don't let out as I told you. He'd kill me if he knew it was me as told. I saw him. The buttons on his coat shone in the lamp-light as he got it down. He hid it

yonder somewhere. When he changes wid the other man he'll get it. Then you can catch him at it. Mark ye well, it's just there in the church shrubbery, I'm thinking. Now pay me for my information.' I gave her a shilling, and she whispered that she could get a night's lodging with that money, and hobbled off. And then I put up the shutters, pulled my door to, and crossed the street. There was a great laurel near the church porch. I struck a match and searched about, and there, wrapped in paper, I found my ham.

"I was furious. A common thief would not have made me feel as I did. But a policeman, bound to guard my property, to rob me! It was my duty, I felt, to do the worst I could to him. And just then I heard the whistle that called the other man to his post, and heard the slow steps on the pavement.

"'You've signed your own death-warrant, my man. You're done for,' I says to myself, feeling that vengeance was mine by right for once; and I hid in the shadow. And in a moment more, there he was. I let him get the ham under his arm before I showed, then I pounced upon him like a tiger.

"'A pretty policeman you are, you thief!' said I; and I held him fast.

"I was very strong at that age—stronger than he was.

"He struggled for a moment, and then, all of a sudden, dropped the ham; and staggered back against the church wall.

"'Oh, God! My wife!' said he, and began to sob.

"'You ought to have thought of that before,' I said. 'If the guardian of our property is to steal it, what is to become of us? A man on good wages, too—a man that don't need anything. I wouldn't blame some poor beggar so

much, though I'd have him arrested. But you—you ought to be hung.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I deserve it all, but let me tell you one thing first. They are starving at home. I am hungry—so hungry that I am faint. But at home they have had nothing but a little gruel for three days. I've only been appointed lately. I don't get any wages until pay-day. I've been ill, and I've worked hard to get this place. I ought to have begged before I stole, God knows; but I swear I meant to pay you for that ham—to send you the money when I was paid. My wife asked you for credit yesterday. You said you gave none. They don't where the neighborhood is so poor, I know. There, do what you like with me. I'm done for.'

"The tears were falling down his cheeks. I took him by the arm. I led him over to my shop, and I went in and shut the door behind us.

"'Policeman,' says I, 'I'm doing what lawyers call condoning an offense, I know; but, see here, I'm taught that the time will come when I shall stand before the Great Almighty, to be tried for my offenses. No doubt I've done worse than you've done, if I did but know it, and I hope He will forgive me as I forgive you.' Then I took down a basket, filled it with provisions, and said to him: 'Take these home as a present, and let your wife come tomorrow. I'll open an account with her. You can settle with me on pay-day.'

"He looked at me with his great, hungry eyes.

"'God bless you,' he said, 'and prosper you. You deserve to be rich, to be happy. Do you know what you've saved me from? I'd die for you.'

"Well, I did the crying that time, and he took the basket and went away. His wife came next day, and I gave her

a little book, and he paid me square and fair, and many a good turn he did me, and a policeman can, if he chooses. But after a time I was better off. I seemed to prosper wonderfully, somehow, and I moved to a better street and a better shop, and I lost sight of my policeman.

"Well, all this was long ago. There was no telegraphs, no messengers, or police-calls in houses. The firemen were a brave lot of fellows, but they hadn't the chances they have now, and your house might be burned down before they came to you and got the hose fastened to the fire-plug. And so one night, when my wife and I waked to find a red glare in the room, and to know the stairs were in flames, we hadn't much hope for our lives. There were our children, too. Well, I don't like to think of that moment. I shouted out of the window, as loud as I could, 'Fire! fire!' and I heard the policeman whistle and shout the word after me, and windows flew up. But who was to get us out—who? I put the children near the window. My wife was on her knees. I started down the street, looking for help, and I saw a policeman—the one that stole my ham—who had come flying up at the call of the other, dash towards the house. In went the door, for I heard it, and in a moment more he was there through the flames, as it seemed.

"He seized my wife in his arms, wrapped a blanket about her, and I followed with the children.

"We were in the street, as it seemed, by a miracle, when my wife cried out, 'Little Billy! Little Billy!' Our boy was still in the house, in the little room next ours. Our boy! Our treasure! The dearest of all to us!"

"I rushed towards the house. The

smoke and flames beat me back, but the man who had rescued us plunged into them. The engines were coming at last. Men dragged us out of harm's way; and against the glare of light I saw standing in the window of the second floor that man with my boy in his arms. I covered my face. All my strength was gone. I should only see them die if I looked.

"'The ladder!' someone shouted. 'They've got the ladder up!'

"Then a great shout arose—horror or joy? Great Heaven be praised, it was joy, and they put my little Billy in my arms, his golden hair all scorched, but not hurt otherwise.

"'Papa,' he said, 'Billy most burnt to def, only the big man carried him down a ladder.'

"As he spoke there came a crash. The roof had fallen in.

"'What shall I say to you? How can I thank you or bless you enough?' I said, grasping the hand of that brave man when they had brought him to—for he had fainted at last.

"There were burns on his hands and on his face. He had barely escaped with his life, but he gave me the smile of an angel.

"'God bless you,' said he. 'Don't thank me. I've only paid a debt.'

"That's why I always want one who's gone wrong to have a chance," said our grocer, turning away and walking towards his shop.

G. M. D.

Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, places unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life it would be greater than it is.

WENT BAREFOOT.

NEARLY twenty years ago a poor minister in a village parish tried to persuade a family of the neighborhood, so vagrant in their habits that they almost deserved to be called a family of tramps, to settle down, live decently, and attend church.

"At least," he said to the mother, "let the boys come to our Sunday school."

"They have no clothes fit to wear," she said.

"I will find clothes for them," he answered.

The clothes were provided with much difficulty and self-denial by the clergyman.

"They sha'n't go barefoot," said the mother. "I won't have my boys laughed at."

The shoes could not be bought. The minister's pockets were empty. He thought a moment.

"My own boys will go barefoot," he said; "then yours will not be laughed at."

"What do you say, Jack, Tom?" he said, a few hours later at the supper-table. "Will you go barefoot to bring these lads to school?"

Jack and Tom, with somewhat wry faces, laughed, and finally consented.

The other boys went to Sunday school for a few months, and then the entire family disappeared, and soon passed out of the minister's mind.

Last summer the good pastor, now almost an old man, preached in a remote country village, and after service was over, was greeted by a young man, the pastor of a small church near by. He was one of the vagabond boys.

"All that I am I owe to that kindly thought of yours about the shoes," he said. "It was the first act of self-sacri-

ficing kindness that ever had come into my wretched life. It turned me to a new path of thought and action, and the good influence of the Sunday school did the rest. Your boys probably thought it was a little thing to go barefoot for a few Sundays. But it saved a human soul."

MY FRIEND'S DREAMING.

CHAPTER V.

THE Elder took my friend kindly along, and soon they arrived where all seemed peace and love and harmony, such as had not previously entered my friend's mind. Everywhere they were greeted in the most loving manner, and a grand time was looked for at the next meeting, when they should hear the report of Elder W—— and also remarks from some other brethren who had newly arrived from the outer world, from whom they expected a full account of the progress of Christ's work among all nations, but more especially that of the Saints, whose labors in reality formed the center of all other labors of the great latter-day dispensation.

At length the hour of meeting was at hand and everybody seemed to be promptly on time. There was no dragging along until the meeting was about half-over, but the time having arrived to commence meeting the deacon in charge was able to close the doors and sit down quietly to listen and to enjoy the exercises of the assembly as others who had met. When the meeting was called to order, the house seemed filled with the Spirit of God; everyone gave strict attention and joined in the exercises with a lively interest, all of which made wonderful impressions upon the newcomers, who for the first time had the privilege of joining a truly united com-

pany of Saints of God. The singing was grand beyond description with mortal pen, and the prayer was such as only more advanced intelligences could utter and comprehend. Suffice it to say that they prayed with the greatest earnestness for their brethren and sisters passing through probation, and especially for the final establishment of the principles of truth and peace as are promulgated through the Gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord.

As soon as the necessary preliminaries and other business were over, Elder W—— was introduced and asked to relate some of his experience as a preacher of repentance among the spirits in prison. He was, first of all, thankful for the grace of God which had brought him to see that hour when he could testify of the great advantages gained by serving God. He had seen how the evil spirits had had to yield to the power of the Priesthood, how they were prevented from doing any harm save pointing the finger of scorn at those whose virtuous lives they could not imitate nor appreciate, as they seemed chained down with fetters of darkness, and their only apparent joy was in their maddened attempt to lead away those whose desires were to repent, and to slander and belie the Saints of God, whose real position they did not understand. He spoke of the many difficulties connected with the work, as they were continually opposed by spirits having other forms of doctrines. Some of the old ones had been transmitted from the outer world, others had been arranged and were preached in the spirit world, so altogether it seemed that man was always subject to the two opposing forces at work, and that it seemed as though man's agency was continually put to a test until he was finally mustered

in fully under one banner or another—either that of Jesus Christ or of Lucifer.

He rejoiced in his ability of reporting many believers, who all were now anxiously looking over the register to see what their progenitors and friends in the flesh were doing for them. Some had had the great joy to find their names recorded on the temple records as reported here, and were now in the full enjoyment of their blessings, and associating with their friends and relatives among the Saints; others were waiting and praying that the work of redemption for the spirits in waiting might speedily be pushed to completion, so that also they might be counted among the redeemed of the Lamb of God. He now more fully comprehended the great labors it took to redeem all of Father's children. And many such glorious things did he report, which seemed to create the liveliest interest in the congregation, who all rejoiced as mortals could not, for they were redeemed from the world and had passed upon a higher plane.

After Brother W—— had spoken, the new-comers were introduced, who, though they had not much to say, brought joy to their friends by reason of having overcome in life, and were adjudged worthy of a higher degree of perfection. It was needless for them to refer much to the general condition of affairs upon mother earth, because to their surprise the news circulating mediums were even more fully developed here, so that a full account of all the affairs of man were fully reported and read by all who cared to know.

After meeting, friends rushed toward these persons and embraced them, and enquired of friends and relatives left behind more particularly, and also spoke of how those were whom the new ar-

rivals were seeking and where they could be found.

Many were the happy moments spent relating the good times they had in meetings, in Sabbath schools, in sociables, and other ennobling gatherings, wherein all, both male and female, both old and young, took part, making it a great contrast between them and other spirits who had not the company of the young, and children who were entrusted to Saints to educate and train in Gospel knowledge and duties. My friend remembered how that in his dream previously he had seen the wicked were men, vicious men, of all colors, whose joys were in sin, and the fact of finding the women and children among the good was such an agreeable contrast that it caused a good deal of after reflection.

My friend does not attempt to describe the joy and happiness of those righteous souls who occupy that place; it is only understood by the Spirit of God, given to those who seek for the knowledge with a humble and upright heart, based upon a life full of good works, who comprehend and practice fully what David said when he sang,

"Blessed is the man who speaketh the truth in his heart."

Moral: Be honest and virtuous.
Friis.

A CITY BUILT ON TREE TOPS.—Erasmus, speaking of Amsterdam, says: "I know a city whose inhabitants dwell in the tops of trees like rooks." Every church, house, bridge, wall and warehouse rests on forests of piles. The palace, built in 1648 for the town hall, rests on 13,659 piles, and cost nearly a million sterling. Thus one of the finest commercial cities in the world rests on tree tops.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 507.)

I WILL now go back in my narrative a few weeks, and relate some other events in which I had a part, that took place in Christiania, and which no doubt to some extent was the cause of the changed attitude taken later by the police authorities in the capital, and in consequence also in most other places in Norway.

Through the reports in the press, we were believed to teach the most inconsistent and immoral doctrines, that in their opinion were not even worthy the name of a religion. Our missionaries were generally considered either dupes or rogues of the worst kind; but by coming in open conflict with the ecclesiastical forces in the capital, where all the powers of learning, science and the supposed theological superiority had their head-quarters in the national university, we became better known to our vigilant prosecutors, and the errors and weakness of the religious system that the hired clergy tried to defend by the judicial forces, became more apparent.

The chief of police was not very strongly attached to the established church, and therefore seemed to take some delight in seeing this contest carried on by argument rather than by physical forces, and he took no steps to hinder us in our meetings, but rather indirectly protected us by sending his policemen on their beat in close proximity to our meeting places, so as to prevent any mobbings or other disturbance.

It was the 28th of January, 1855, that a Mr. Eilert Sundt, said to be a kind of detective, in company with one Mr. Ole Vig, came to our meeting and commenced opposing us, though in a gentlemanly way, on the doctrines that we

had taught that evening; but as it was quite late, Elder C. Petersen and I proposed that he should come some other night, and we would then divide the time equally between both sides of the question. To this he acceded, and Thursday, the 1st of February, was selected for that purpose. He and his colleague seemed to be so sure of crushing us that they caused the meeting to be announced in the daily papers, and when the time arrived our small room was crowded to overflowing, as well as the hall and the stairway, and even in the street immediately near the house were crowds of people anxious for an opportunity to witness the apparently unequal contest between these learned men and the deluded Mormons.

The owner of the house, Mr. Gustave Andersen, who is now living in Hyrum, Cache County, Utah, took charge of the proceedings, and placed his watch on the table, as each side was to have exactly fifteen minutes at a time to speak. I briefly stated the object of this meeting, and then proceeded to lay before the audience our belief in the first principles of the Gospel, such as they were taught by Jesus and His disciples and are found recorded in the New Testament. Our opponents tried hard to avoid the defense of their doctrines of infant sprinkling and other unscriptural doctrines, taught and practiced in the Lutheran Church, but I succeeded in holding them to the first principles, greatly to their discomfiture and the astonishment of many and merriment of some of the people. Elder C. Petersen, the president, took his part that evening with much effect, and after two hours' debate, we felt it best to adjourn, as the air had become very foul by so many people being packed together in so small a room. Our oppo-

nents, however, proposed to have the debate continued some other time, if we were willing to meet them, and they would try to obtain a more suitable place for such a gathering. To this we gladly gave our consent, with the mutual agreement that the Bible should be the only book of reference in substantiating the doctrines in dispute by either party and all hearsay or rumors left out entirely.

We continued our meetings undisturbed for a few weeks, but were at last notified to meet our opponents in a certain school building, in what is called Teppervig, in Christiania, on the 20th of February, at half-past five p.m., but were left entirely in ignorance about which points or parts of our religion we were expected to defend, consequently we could make no other preparation than ask God to be our help, as we confidently believed that He would be.

At the time appointed we were on the spot, and found the large hall filled with people of all classes, and quite a number of the clergy and university students, and a sufficient police force to keep order, for even in the street were quite a number of people that were unable to get inside. President Canute Petersen says that there were more than a dozen priests there. I suppose that some five hundred persons were in the schoolroom, and considering that many of them had no seats, remarkably good order and patience prevailed. Mr. Ole Vig took the lead of proceedings, and, as we were now on the enemy's ground, we were subject to their regulations and thankful for any favor granted us. Thus, in the first place we were given a seat on the stand, after having shaken hands with our adversaries, and next we were introduced to the audience as the Mormon priests that were summoned to defend our peculiar doctrines, some of

which would be laid before the people and then criticised. He then gave us the time, fifteen minutes, and I explained the first principles of the Gospel, substantiating our doctrines by the scriptures, commencing with Heb. vi: 1., and in the short time at my command brought many other scriptural proofs of the ancient order of the Gospel administration, in contrast with modern Christianity. No sarcasm, irony or other improper use of language was made use of by us, for we considered our position above such mean subterfuge, being there to represent God's authority in that land, and I have always found that by showing respect for other men's views and feelings, even if they are erroneous, we will never lose anything, but generally gain their good-will.

Mr. Ole Vig tried to defend the doctrine of baby sprinkling, which was considered as the first point of importance in our differences, and admitted that neither sprinkling nor baptizing small children could be proven from the New Testament, "But," said he, "neither can the Mormons prove from that source that it should not be so," and then he stated that ecclesiastical history proves that child-baptism was in general practice as early as the second century of the Christian era, though he was aware that Tertullian, one of the recognized fathers at that time, had vigorously opposed that practice as erroneous.

C. C. A. Christensen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?"

And the smart boy at the foot of the class said:

"They must be *ost-riche*s."

THE CANNON OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

THE Palais Royal is in Paris, France. In the garden is a little cannon. It is surrounded by a railing.

Every morning it is loaded with powder and wadding. No one on earth is allowed to fire it, and yet it is fired every bright day. The thing that fires it is ninety-three million miles away, and precisely at twelve o'clock if no clouds are in the way, bang! goes the cannon. Now, you want to know how it is done. I think I see some of you saying, "Impossible! Impossible! I don't believe it!"

Well, it is very simple when you know how it is done. Most of you have seen a burning-glass. The cannon is fired with one. It is fixed so that exactly at twelve o'clock the rays of the sun are brought together on the touch-hole of the cannon. They set the powder on fire. So you see that the sun, which is ninety-three million miles off, really fires the cannon. The sun never forgets.

THE old clerk of a little rustic parish, although he had for years, Sunday after Sunday, given out the psalms and hymns to be sung in the service, had never quite mastered the Roman numerals. One morning, after some consideration, he announced Psalm XLII., in the following style: "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the X, the L, and the two-eyed Psalm."

BOOKS are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind, to be delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.

Our Little Folks.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Tabernacle in the Wilderness.

MOSES went down from the mountain and told the people about the ten commandments and other laws which the Lord had given him, and he then went up again, for the Lord had more to tell him.

He wanted the people to build a tabernacle so they would have a house in which to worship Him and where He could come and talk to Moses; and He told Moses just how it should be made. There were to be two rooms in it; the first room was a large one, and the second was smaller, and was called the Holy of Holies.

The two rooms were divided by a heavy curtain, which was called the *vail* of the temple, and in the small room or holy of holies was a box called the ark of the covenant. Into that box or ark they were to put the stones upon which God had written the laws for the people to obey; and in that room the Lord promised to come and talk to Moses whenever He wished to give any word to the people.

This tabernacle was not made like our houses, but was so it could be taken to pieces when they were going to travel. The walls were made of nice cloth curtains fastened together with loops, and the roof was made of the skins of animals sewed together in the shape of curtains. These could all be taken down and folded up, and the boards and poles could all be piled up together, and whenever the people camped for a few weeks or months they could be put together again for a house of worship.

The table, the ark of the covenant, and many more things that belonged to the tabernacle were overlaid with gold; that means that gold was spread all over them like the frosting on a cake.

The curtains were made of very nice cloth, blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and they were handsomely embroidered.

The tabernacle was built by donation; that is, all who wanted to help in building a house for the Lord might give what they had of gold or silver or fine cloth, and those who could do nice embroidery or carving, or fine work of any kind, could give their work.

You remember when the Israelites left Egypt after the ten plagues, the Egyptians were so anxious to have them get out of the country quickly that they gave them a great deal of gold and silver and fine cloth, so that now they had all they needed for the tabernacle, and when it was finished it was very handsome, and the glory of the Lord rested down upon it like a cloud all day and like fire all night as long as they stayed in one place; and when the Lord wanted them to travel on farther the cloud began to move forward, and when He wanted them to camp for awhile the cloud would stop and settle down again.

Aaron and his sons were set apart to be priests unto the Lord, and were to minister for the people in offering the sacrifices and burnt offerings.

There were to be sacrifices made every day; sin offerings, peace offerings and thank offerings, according to the laws that God gave to Moses, that the people might remember every day and all the time that God was taking care of them and that they must always serve and obey Him.

Celia A. Smith.

BRAVE DICK.

THE little incident I am going to relate to you happened at a tiny fishing hamlet in Cornwall, and has the merit of being founded on fact.

"A ship on the rocks!"

The cry is echoed all through the little fishing village of Tregellan, on the wild coast of Cornwall, and soon the beach is thronged with a small crowd of sturdy-looking fishermen and their wives and children. Yes, there she was, stuck fast upon a ridge of sharp, dangerous rocks, known as the Reef, some four hundred yards from the shore. Ever and anon the booming of a gun sounded, as she sent out her melancholy signals for help. It was a wild, dreary afternoon; the waves lashed furiously against the shore, and the wind shrieked and moaned from over the sea like some great monster in pain.

"We must launch a boat, men; 'twould be downright cruel to let her go to pieces before our very eyes without having a try to save some of the poor souls out there.

So spoke John Penrith, known as the bravest and most daring fisherman in Tregellan.

"'Twill be a risky deed, man, in a sea like this; but if we are going, there's no time to be lost. We had better launch the *Ocean's Queen*—she's the strongest boat," one man replied; and so they all agreed. There was no life boat at little out-of-the-way Tregellan, but the Cornish men are brave, and seldom hesitate in launching a boat, even in the roughest sea, to save the life of a fellow-creature.

"Take me with you, John Penrith," cried a tall, brown-faced lad of about thirteen years, whose name was Dick Baxter. He was an orphan, with neither kith nor kin.

"All right, lad; jump in," Penrith answered, hurriedly.

The *Ocean's Queen* was a strongly built fishing boat of a moderate size. She was soon manned, and a ringing cheer went up from the men as they ran her down the beach and launched her into the boiling waters.

Onward they went, now plunged down into the valley of some gigantic wave, and now tossed up on its white crest of foam. The vessel was reached at last. She appeared to be a fair-sized barque, only her masts were broken down, and her decks were strewn with a mass of torn and shattered rigging. Her crew consisted of ten or twelve seamen, together with the captain and his wife and little child. They were all crowded upon the deck watching the movements of the fishing boat with strained, eager gaze. Three times she attempted to get close to the vessel, only to be dashed back again with redoubled force. At length some ropes were thrown from the ship and caught by the fishermen. With their help the *Ocean's Queen* was enabled to get beneath her stern, where the waves were less violent, and take the poor exhausted crew on board; then turn her bow homewards, battling bravely with the angry waters that every moment threatened to swamp their little boat. She was about a hundred yards from the shore, and the cheers of the anxious little crowd on the beach could be heard, then one gigantic wave came sweeping along; it struck her; she reeled, staggered, and then—no one could tell how—the captain's little child, sitting on its mother's knee, was tossed over and caught by those wild, remorseless waves.

"Oh save her! Save my child!" the mother cried wildly; but for a moment no one stirred. The fishermen were

very brave, but a leap into that great cauldron of seething foam seemed certain death, and all had wives and children at home to be provided for. The captain of the wrecked ship, the father of the drowning child, lay senseless from a blow from a falling spar at the bottom of the boat. But Dick Baxter had no near or dear ones to mourn his loss; and in a moment he had sprung up, and ere he could be prevented leapt into the boiling waters. The water closed above him with what seemed a mocking laugh, and the wind shrieked angrily along dashing the waves furiously against the boat.

Presently the lad rose, clasping the little girl in one arm and bravely fighting his way with the other. But they could not stay the boat to help him; she swept swiftly on, and before many seconds had elapsed was on shore again, leaving the brave lad to battle his way alone, as best he might.

The men sprang out, and joined the crowd upon the beach; all eyes were eagerly strained towards the spot where Dick was struggling with his helpless burden. They saw him rising and falling with the waves, sometimes hidden from sight for the space of a moment or two, and then rising into view again holding the child out of reach of the furious waters. No sound was heard midst that eager crowd on shore. The wild screams of the poor mother had ceased for a while and she had sunk into merciful unconsciousness. Breathlessly they watched him gallantly struggling on; but, good swimmer as he was, it seemed as though he could have no chance against so cruel a sea. Ah, he is coming nearer; the length of the sea is lessening between him and the shore. Now he is nearly in; there are only a few more yards and then the

perilous journey will be over. But the fishermen do not wait for him to be dashed upon the beach. They form a chain, and, rushing into the white surf, John Penrith, who is the foremost man, makes a clutch at the two figures. He clutches hold of the child and drags her in, but Dick is torn away from his grasp and is again carried out to sea.

He seems to be insensible, for he makes no effort now to save himself. The waves toss him hither and thither, until one monstrous roller catches him up and, rushing up the beach, breaks with a roar like thunder, hurling him furiously at the feet of the crowd. Then with tender touch the rough fishermen lift up the lad—he who had played his part so gallantly—and gently lay him down upon the beach out of reach of the sea.

They crowd around the still form with eyes that are wet with tears. Anxiously they gaze into his white set face; eagerly they chaff his cold, stiff hands. But their efforts are of no avail—the cruel sea has done its work, and brave Dick's short life is over forever in this world, ended with his great deed of heroism. Meanwhile the captain's little child, with her mother, had been taken up to one of the fishermen's cottages that faced the sea. The child soon recovered consciousness, and showed little signs of the peril from which she had been rescued.

There is a little churchyard at Tre-gellan, and in it there is one grave that is always kept fresh and bright with flowers, planted and laid upon it by the loving hands of the simple fisher-folk. At its head stands a marble cross, on which is inscribed in golden letters, "Brave Dick," with the story of his noble deed beneath.

PRIZES OFFERED.

To again remind our young friends, we republish below the list of prizes which we offer for stories, drawings, etc.

FOR BEST ORIGINAL STORY, suitable for this department of the INSTRUCTOR by boy or girl under fourteen—First prize, a handsome set of books entitled Simple Bible Stories; second prize a copy of book entitled Moral Stories.

FOR BEST ORIGINAL STORY, suitable for these columns, by boy or girl between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years—First prize, large print, cloth bound copy of Doctrine and Covenants; second prize, small print, cloth bound Doctrine and Covenants.

FOR BEST LEAD PENCIL DRAWING, by boy or girl under fourteen, subject to be chosen by the competitor—First prize, any four books of the Faith-Promoting Series; second prize, copy of the work entitled The Martyrs.

FOR BEST LEAD PENCIL DRAWING, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years of age, subject to be chosen by competitor—First prize, large print, cloth bound copy of the Book of Mormon; second prize, copy of the work called The Martyrs and of the book entitled Gospel Philosophy.

FOR BEST MAP OF UTAH, drawn and colored, by boy or girl under fourteen—First prize, cloth bound copy of Life of John Taylor; second prize, morocco, gilt copy of Latter-day Saints' Hymn Book.

FOR BEST MAP OF UTAH, drawn and colored, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years—First prize, leather gilt copy of Life of Joseph Smith; second prize, cloth bound copy of Life of Joseph Smith.

FOR BEST PENCIL DRAWING FROM NATURE, competition open to all under the age of twenty years, subject must be

a landscape scene in Utah or surrounding states or territories—First prize, leather, gilt copy of Life of Joseph Smith; second prize, cloth bound copy of Life of Joseph Smith.

FOR BEST HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH, competition open to all under twenty years of age. Each competitor in this class is expected to write an account of the valley in which he lives, stating when and by whom first settled; the principal items of interest connected with its history since first colonized; description of its location and surroundings; the natural curiosities found in it; its population; its industries, etc. That our young friends will fully understand what we mean, we will explain that the competitors who live in Sanpete Valley, for example, will write a sketch of that valley, and its settlement, no matter what town they live in; those living in Utah Valley will write about Utah Valley, and so on. Where there are large valleys, as for instance Salt Lake Valley, those living in Salt Lake County should write about that part of it only; and those living in Davis County should write only about that one county. Boys and girls under twenty years, in surrounding states and territories are also invited to compete. First prize, full morocco, gilt, large print copy of Book of Mormon; second prize, leather, gilt, large print Book of Mormon.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of the first six Articles of Faith of the Latter-day Saints, by boys or girls under fourteen years—First prize, copy of Deseret Sunday School Song Book; second prize, copy of Book of Mormon Stories.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of the thirteen Articles of Faith of the Latter-day Saints, by boy

or girl between fourteen and eighteen years—First prize, calf grain, gilt copy of *Doctrine and Covenants*; second prize, leather bound copy of *Doctrine and Covenants*.

All articles for competition must reach us by December 1st, 1895.

THE WOODCOCK AND ITS YOUNG.

You have seen a cat when she wants to carry her kittens from one place to another—how carefully she lifts her baby with her mouth, and then gently carries it to its new home. Now, birds tend their young ones in a different way. They usually keep them in the nest until their feathers grow long enough to enable them to fly off on their own account. This is the rule, but the woodcock has an odd way of rearing her babies. The first nest is made in a very dry spot in the forest, where it is difficult to get food for the fledglings. The mother, however, will not let her children starve, but soon takes them to the moist feeding-grounds. But how do you think she manages that? She can't carry them in her mouth as puss does. Well, it was long thought that she put them between her feet, and so flew with them from place to place. It is now believed, however, that her claws are not strong enough to bear such a weight, but that she clasps the little one tightly between her legs, and thus the baby woodcock is carried safe and sound to its new abode.

A KIND MASTIFF.

ONE day a fine-looking mastiff was passing along a street where not many people were about, and he found a poor spaniel who had just met with an accident. A carriage which had been driv-

ing rapidly along had broken the unfortunate dog's leg, and had gone on without attempting to give any assistance. Now, it happened that some months previously the mastiff himself had met with a very serious accident while out with his master and so the latter had at once taken him off to the doctor to have him attended to, and he had got well again by this time. And what do you think this clever mastiff did when he found the injured spaniel? He took the dog up in his mouth, ran along with him through different streets, and then at last actually carried him to the very doctor who had so successfully cured him. And, as you may guess, the good doctor was so struck by the kindness shown by the mastiff to the injured spaniel, that he at once attended to the broken bone, and in the course of time, I am glad to say, made him quite well again. Was not the mastiff a very good and very clever dog?

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A SHEPHERD boy was tending his sheep one Sabbath when the sound of the church bell, calling the people to worship, reached him on the hillside. Seeing the people pass on their way to the house of God, he was reminded of his Creator, and knelt down to pray, too.

A gentleman passing on the other side of the hedge saw the boy, and caught the sound of the letters of the alphabet said in quick succession. He waited until the lad had finished, then asked him what he meant by saying his A, B, C's.

The boy answered: "I don't know a prayer, but I thought I'd give God the letters and he could spell out the words."

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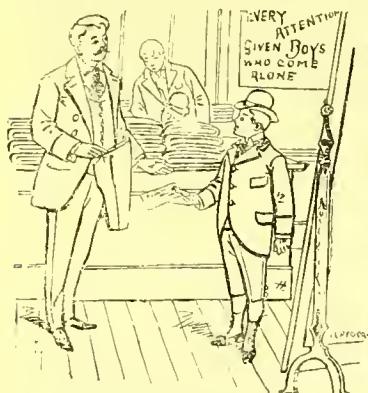
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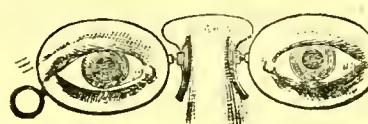
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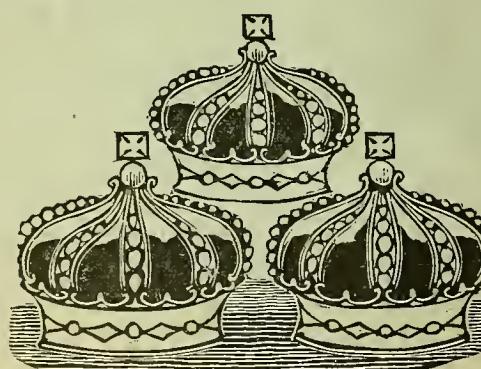
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